

Kyle, the Devil's Unpaid Intern

By

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HELL INTERN

Typical office setup. KYLE looks over SHARON's shoulder as she sits at her desk, typing on her computer.

KYLE

So you just move column A over to row 1 and then cross-reference the two?

SHARON

Yup, that's all there is.

The DEVIL walks over and pats KYLE on the shoulder. He has red skin, horns, and business casual attire.

DEVIL

Hey Sharon, how's our new intern doing?

SHARON

Really great, sir. Kyle, this is our boss.

DEVIL

Oh, boss is such a loaded term. I think of myself more as an adviser. My job is just to make sure you can do yours. Oh, I'm sorry, where are my manners. My name is Lucifer, though most people call me Lu. Some people call me the Lord of Darkness. I went by 'Cifer for a little while in the 90s, actually, but you can just call me The Devil.

KYLE

Well it's incredible to meet you...The Devil. I really, um, admire your work.

DEVIL

Hey, not to pile on too much on your first day, but the people down on the third level need some gasoline--they're burning moneylenders down there--Could you bring this down?

DEVIL pulls out a can of gasoline.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Oh, yeah, sure. I'll do that right away.

DEVIL

You're a go-getter. I like that. You'll get far here at Hell.

KYLE

...Thanks?

DEVIL

Actually, you know what? Sharon can you take the gasoline? I know it's not really your job, but--

SHARON

No problem, Lu.

DEVIL

Great. Thanks, Sharon. Though if you ever interrupt me, I will have a horde of locusts eat your intestines.

SHARON

Of course. Sorry, Lu.

SHARON leaves. DEVIL takes her seat.

DEVIL

I hate to be the bad guy, you know, but I gotta keep things running 'round here, you know how it is. So I just wanted to get you started. Do you know how to write a temptation email?

KYLE

A...

DEVIL

Okay, so no. (Jokingly) "How'd you get this job, anyway?" I'm kidding, we joke around here a lot, it's a comfortable environment. So temptation emails. Take a seat, just open up your browser. We all use a standard hell email account, it's just eternaltorment667@hotmail.com, 666 was taken by this asshole kid in Boston.

KYLE
Password?

DEVIL
Puppiez with a z.

KYLE
Got it.

DEVIL
Cool. So basically, let's say there's a meth addict in Alabama who's just starting to get his life together. Do we want him to do that?

KYLE
Uh--

DEVIL
No we do not! So we send him a little email from his "sponsor" saying we want to meet up, talk things over, get lunch. The guy goes to his favorite luncheonette, he looks around, he says "where's my sponsor? Oh no, he's not here. Even my sponsor's abandoned me, this is terrible! I feel so alone and sad at this juncture! You know what would make me feel better? Meth." and it's that simple. That's kind of an extreme example, our interns usually do lower level mischief--

KYLE
And send.

DEVIL
Oh wait did you actually send it?

KYLE
Yeah, I figured I might as well.

DEVIL
Wow, uh, okay. You're a go-getter. That's cool. You know actually, we have a couple adulterers downstairs, we need someone to urinate in their eyesockets.

KYLE
Yeah, sure, I'm game.

DEVIL
Really. You're just...you're
completely fine with that?

KYLE
Yeah, that's cool.

DEVIL
Well, alright. If you're cool with
that--again, I don't want to pile
on too much, first day and all--but
if you go down to the seventh level
there's this door that, uh, if you
open it, will unleash the four
horsemen of the apocalypse,
drowning the Earth in hellfire.
Nobody's been willing to go down
there to open it--

KYLE
Yeah, I'll do that after my lunch
break.

DEVIL
Wow. Uh, yeah. Alright. Great.
(pause) Where did you say your last
internship was?

KYLE
Goldman-Sachs.

DEVIL
Oh, okay.

Blackout.